

# Pantomime



*Movie Topics Inc.-Publishers*

*October 12*

*Price*  
*10¢*

*May McAvoy*



# How I Broke Into Motion Pictures

By MAY McAVOY

**I**T'S a terrible shame, but I can't interest you with any colorful stories of early life on "Main Street" or down on the farm. For you see I am a born and bred New Yorker and until my recent trip to Hollywood I had never been out of touch with Broadway.

How did I break into pictures? Through a film advertisement of a brand of sugar. Some bright person is going to remark, "What a sweet job!"—but truly that's exactly how I "broke in."

You see I had been given a letter to a producer high up in film circles. But his casting director wouldn't even see me, because I hadn't had any experience.

So I just turned around, walked out—and took a position as "leading lady" in this little advertising film. I was to be a little girl asking the corner grocer for the particular sweet to be exploited.

Now I never saw that film—but some of the casting directors must have, for they have told me since that it established in their minds the particular appeal I am supposed to possess.

Best of all, however, it and other things brought about a call from the casting director who first turned me down. No job I have ever had gave quite so much satisfaction as that!

You see it is only three years since I first entered pictures, June 1918, to be exact—and all of those early experiences stick in my mind vividly.

One of the reasons why casting directors were a little wary of me at first is because I am small.

At that time they seemed to be hunting for the average-sized woman.

But why should they do that? Don't small people have the same emotions and experiences that larger ones do? And certainly the careers of Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark in particular are a brief for the diminutives.

My early career in pictures sort of ran in cycles of sisters, nurses and wives. I was a sister to Madge Kennedy in "The Perfect Lady"; Marguerite Clark in "Mrs. Wiggs" and Florence Reed in "The Woman Under Oath." And the "other wife" in J. Stuart Blackton's "My Husband's Other Wife." Then nurses with Alice Joyce in "The Sporting Duchess" and Herbert Rawlinson in "Man and His Woman."

"Sentimental Tommy" gave me my first really good part, and I enjoyed every minute of it. Some day I want to see Sir James Barrie and express my personal appreciation of "Grizel." Just to play that Scotch girl was a rare privilege.

Now Realart is giving me wonderful vehicles, directors, and supporting casts, so if I'm not happy and successful as a star it's my own fault.

*May McAvoy*

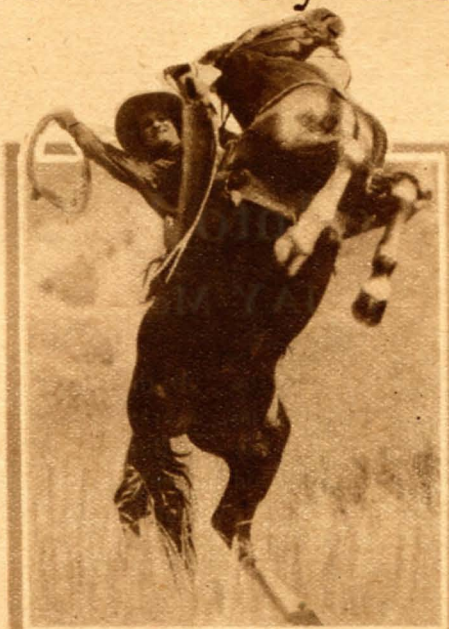


# How They Play

The handsome young gentleman smiling so sweetly, under what, to most people would be extreme difficulties, is none other than Tom Mix. He is taking his morning exercise on his pet horse, "Tony." As you doubtless know, Tom used to be a regular thirty-dollar-a-month cow puncher. He makes that much a minute now, almost, but he's not sure he likes the work as well. Anyhow what you see him doing is his idea of a good time. Tony, the mustang, looks as if he were about to turn a back somersault, but don't worry! Even if he did, it's an odds on bet, that Tom wouldn't get hurt a bit.

★ ★ ★

Strange that so many movie beauties take up fishing as a pastime, isn't it? But here's triple proof on this page. If white paper didn't cost so much, and we



Naughty Marie Prevost in the center gives us another vision. You've been seeing a great deal of Marie—and the phrase "great deal" is used advisedly. But that's all over the dam and gone, now, for Marie isn't going to show so many of her charms hereafter. Instead she's going to wear gowns with sweeping trains, and everything. But in this picture she's dressed so she doesn't care much whether she falls overboard or not. Also, it looks suspiciously like she's been playing in the mud with her tootsie toes. Judging from her face she's inviting the fish to come out and kiss her. Oh, Doctor!

★ ★ ★

And here's Bebe Daniels. Judging from the tense expression on Bebe's face—note her mouth, please—she might have gotten a bite from a whale, or some-



could afford the space, we could furnish a dozen other photographic examples. And, of course, the camera doesn't lie.

But to get to our muttons, the sweet young thing portrayed immediately above is Gladys Walton—she of the flowing locks, you know. See 'em? Gladys is all dressed for the part, even to her dog.

★ ★ ★



thing, and is worried for fear she won't be able to land it. But as a matter of fact, it's more probable that her hook is snagged on a log. For—sh-h-h! this is a secret—this particular bit of fishing was done in the back yard outside Bebe's California bungalow, and the lake is nothing but a sublimated puddle caused by heavy rain.

★ ★ ★

Out on the coast there's an organization of movie players of glorified shinny known as the "Goofy Golfer." The whole blooming membership turned out for a game the other day, and Pantomimes cameraman caught these two in an earnest palaver as to why they played such a poor game. They are Director E. Mason Hopper, and Richard Dix, whom he frequently bosses in film-land. As can be seen, they evidently have just about agreed that their scores are bad because there's something wrong with their clubs. Twas ever thus! A golfer can think of more alibis than a married man going home late for dinner.



# The Shark Master

IT was night time on Amanu. The tribesmen of the little South Sea Island, brown brows furrowed with worry had gathered in council while the High Priest made an appeal to the gods that the pestilence which had so long beset them might cease.

"A sign, Oh Mighty Ones, a sign!" the priest chanted—and suddenly as the natives cowered in terror, came a blinding lightning flash.

By the brief glare a ship was seen foundering far out at sea.

Next morning a rude raft washed ashore, bearing the body of a dead white woman and a crying baby girl. The mother of the islanders buried. The baby they adopted, and their chief made her a tabu against all men, save only the future one of her choice. None other might even touch her.

Twenty years later, in the shipping offices of Marsten & Dean in San Francisco, young McLeod Dean received orders from the head of the firm to sail for the South Sea for an inspection of his employers' trading stations. On his return it was a settled fact that he was to marry June, daughter of the head of the firm.

Dean sailed on one of his firm's ships as a passenger and for a time life was almost hum drum. Then, far down on the Southern Pacific, there came a terrible storm. While it still raged, the crew of the vessel, composed of Kanakas and Chinese, engaged in a bloody racial war, and the vessel, unmanned, foundered. But Dean



managed to get away in an open boat with four Kanakas.

For a week they drifted without food or water until the Kanakas, half crazed with hunger and thirst, planned to kill and eat the white man. They attacked him, but they forgot that he was armed. One by one he shot them down, killing the last just as, far in the distance, a lone palm tree, rising out of the water, showed land was near. Dean fell unconscious in the boat.

Hours later the baby girl who had drifted ashore twenty years before, now a lovely woman known to her adopted tribe as Flame Flower, found the unconscious form of Dean on the beach of Amanu. He was the first white man she had ever seen. She was half joyous, half terrified. She summoned the tribesmen.

The warriors assembled, and there was excited palaver. In the end the High Priest advised that the stranger be offered up as a sacrifice. The tribesmen agreed, but Flame Flower, lead by an urge she could not understand, persuaded the chief to make the stranger tabu like herself. Then she nursed him back to strength.

Now the High Priest had long loved Flame Flower in secret. He hated the white interloper and finally he managed to fasten a charge of murder against him. He was ordered banished from the island, and that same night the tribesmen sent him off in a canoe headed toward the rising sun.

He went off alone—but not for long. Hardly had he started when Flame Flower swam from a remote part of the island and joined him.

It was months before word of the loss of Dean's ship reached Marsten in San Francisco. Then with his daughter June, he set off to try to find the boy.

Meanwhile on a nameless island, Dean and Flame Flower were living a pagan idyll. Unfettered by the customs of her more civilized ancestry, she had wooed him frankly and seductively, and he, believing he would never get away from the island, finally succumbed to the girl's witchery.

After long months of searching, Marsden and his daughter touched at Amanu and there got first word of Dean. From then on the search was easy, and it was not long before they sighted the love island. With the aid of binoculars, June could see Dean and insisted on putting out in a small boat to meet him.

Dean waited in front of his hut and there he, his jilted fiancée, and Flame Flower met.

Then, for a tense hour, the two women strove, one to hold, the other to take him. June scoffed at the idea that his vows to Flame Flower constituted a legal marriage, and he was about to accept her claim when, out of the hut, there toddled a white baby.

June looked, choked back a sob, turned and left, forever.





## HER CLOTHES

Unique fashions in jewelry prevail when one possesses a slim ankle, and Dame Fashion orders extremely short skirts. Even the most hardened censor must respond with a real thrill when Constance Talmadge, sister of Norma, appears as she does here, wearing her platinum-mounted diamond anklet. As for the rest of the costume—if it matters—the cape, as you note, is short, and of gray squirrel, frilled with gray crepe de chine. The little, close fitting hat is of the same shade, wreathed in hand-made silk roses of magnolia pink. The corsage bouquet is of orchids, which nestle appealingly against the soft gray fur,—and Constance.

And here's Norma Talmadge, wearing the first "fish dress" to be seen in America. It's creator, Mme. Frances, calls it a "deep sea gown" because it is made of shaded blue and green fish scale

Will they be wearing knickerbockers on Fifth Avenue yet? Who knows? We see 'em now on the golf links, and on hiking parties, and on aeroplane girls. But here's something else again. The girl is Jewel Carmen and she's wearing the latest "movie" negligee, designed by herself and inspired by the native male costumes of far off China. The material is soft old blue china silk, designed with a choker collar and Chinese sleeves and trousers. The only trimming consists of orange tassels and old blue pajama frogs.

Swiftly as the winds grow chill, thoughts and modes turn toward Sunny Spain, and the charm of the accessories of the



sequins, overlapping, with sapphire tulle at the sides. When Norma walks, or in any way sets the dress in motion, the fish scales undulate like the waves of the sea. The girdle is of jet rhinestones, woven into the robe. The tulle is striped with lines of gold and jet beads.



land of the Hidalgos is making itself felt more and more. Miriam Cooke, for instance, whose dark horse beauty is ideally suited for such picturesque fashions is here shown wearing a vividly embroidered, long fringed shawl, a high comb, and a sumptuous black lace mantilla.

Here's Mrs. Julia Lydig Hoyt, leader of Gotham's upper twenty, and now "movie girl." She's wearing an evening gown of flame-colored, brocaded crepe de chine, with a bodice that is low cut, and sleeveless.



IN the center of this page are a pair of legs, and two girls. One of the girls is Ruth Miller, playing the part of a maid, and spraying the other girl's knees with rose water, or something. In this day of short skirts, manicure of the knees is rather essential you know.

Except for her legs, of course, you can't see the other girl. And, as old man Shakespeare used to say, there's the rub. Who is she?

That's for you to find out.



## Whose Legs

Maybe this information will help you.

The young lady in the fur coat and the bathing suit—a peculiar combination, it strikes us, but you never can tell what girls will do next, can you?—is Miss Josephine Hall who draws pay checks from the Universal Company. Her legs look something like those in the middle, don't they? Especially those knees.



Not to make it too hard for you, we'll tip you off to this much. Note the nine fair young maidens grouped all around, all displaying more or less anatomy? Well, the legs in the center belong to one of these nine.

Now, which one?

To the first person identifying the owner of the knees being manicured, *Pantomime* will give ten dollars, and to the next twenty, *Pantomime* will give two dollars each.

Send a letter of not more than fifty words, telling why you think you have identified the girl. Address your letter to The Editor, *Pantomime*, suite 914 World Building, New York.

There are no strings nor conditions attached to this offer. You don't have to be a subscriber. Just send in your answer.

Now let's see how much you know about stars' legs.

But then, no more so than do the limbs of the fair miss also clad in a bathing suit, who seems to be standing in the snow, watering a Christmas tree. Who ever heard of such a combination? This girlie is Gertrude Olmstead, who recently leaped into silver sheet fame by virtue of the fact that she won a big beauty contest—and was straightway hired for the screen.

Then we have Glorious Gloria Swanson who has taken off her shoes and stockings, evidently intent on going wading, but who, judging from the expression on her face, seems to be afraid the water might be too cold for her tootsies. Gloria always was *SO* timid. However, they might be her legs, at that.

Or, on the other hand, the limbs might be the property of Miss Du Pont (she just simply *won't* tell her first name) who is portrayed in one of those classical barefoot



# Are These

dancer gowns, and holding a bronze plate, or disc or something, on her shoulder. She's a brand new star, by the way, and both her face and her figure are good reasons why.

Then we have dainty Dorothy Dickson, a little Paramount lady all dressed up in feathers like a new (and mighty nice)



kind of Chanticleer. Of course she has on different kind of stockings in the costume picture—but that doesn't necessarily mean anything. It's not the stockings, but what's inside 'em that counts. It really might be Dorothy, mightn't it?

Or, finally, the mysterious limbs might belong to little Mae Murray, who is now doing pictures "on her own," with her husband as director. Mae is shown in a costume that looks to us something like a cross between a ballet girl, a Spanish Don and a gentleman of colonial days. Whatever the costume is supposed to be, we're for it—when Mae wears it. But to get back to those legs—one thing that makes us think they might belong to Mae is the fact that a girl who'd have her knees manicured might naturally be expected to wear an ankle bracelet. And, as you'll see, Mae is doing just that.

But, to get on—why shouldn't the unidentified legs belong to Gladys Whitfield—she who sits looking over her shoulder, and all dressed up with a hat consisting of a head-band and two feathers. The limbs of mystery, and those of Gladys are



equally shapely—and that's saying the ne plus ultra (meaning none other better) in leg-lore. The ankles look alike too, don't they? So slim, and everything.

When it comes to that, however, what's the matter with the ankles of Dorothy Dalton, whom you'll find with one hand extended to the rear, and the other to the front in a "they shall not pass" attitude, just like Verdun. Only at Verdun, with anybody like Dorothy blocking the way, nobody would have wanted to have passed.



Or, finally, couldn't the limbs we're trying to attach a body to belong to Gladys Walton, who's all dressed up in a military hat and cape, and a two-pronged pitchfork, or something? Of course, Gladys has on shoes—but then, it's quite possible that the lady having her knees massaged might have put on some shoes after the picture was taken. Same kind of stockings, you'll observe. And mark those knees. However—

Bless me, too, if she doesn't seem to have the same round, six-inch-in-diameter (measure 'em and see) ankles!

So there you are—look 'em all over—and take your choice.

Who owns the mysterious legs?





# The Diaries of Mabel Normand

By HERBERT HOWE

I WAS tempted to call this revelation *The Soul of a Lady Laid Bare*, but I was afraid you would think it a story about a Sennett bathing beauty instead of the only Sennett star who doesn't bathe—that is, in public.

The good Censors forbid that I should make any revelations about bathing girls. The little ladies, themselves, have kept nothing from the public.

Anyhow the Sennett studio has gone dry—by order of censors, I presume. Even water is under the ban. Of course we must admit that the aqua pura coming from the Sennett studio did contain a kick—say one hundred and two per cent.

So the tanks have been drained and the pollywogs stranded high and dry.

Also Mabel "Mickey" Normand has come back—as Molly-O!

Mabel Normand is to the screen what Ring Lardner is to literature. She's a syncopated classic.

No doubt you have your own ideas about Mabel's personality. She may represent to you the joy-of-living; the will-to-raise-merry-hell, Epernay-without-a-morning-after.

But perhaps you have forgotten, even as I, that famous humorists are usually melancholy. Mark Twain was, and George Ade says there are others.

I never would have guessed it of Mabel, however, if I hadn't discovered her diaries.

No star has a greater following of personal friends than Mabel. I venture to say she would win any popularity contest staged in the film colony. I firmly believe that Poe's "Bells, bells, bells, bells," was inspired by her telephone.

The wild bells were ringing out when I entered her dressing room. During the ten minutes that I awaited her coming from the "set," I pranced between the telephone and the door, answering the sundry calls. The studio watchman called to leave a little nosegay of geraniums, which he brings each day to his adored Mabel. A woman called to get a hat which Mabel had promised her. Six people telephoned to say they had heard of a party which she was giving at the Ambassador hotel and that they would like to come.

My voice was growing hoarse and my ears a bit buzzy, when Mabel (Herself) pranced in wearing a hat that looked like a small pie, from which five cherries were making their escape, and a smart suit that must have been a real antique unearthed by the Garbage Excavators.

I delivered the phone messages. It took five solid minutes. "Didn't anyone else call?" asked Mabel.

Revived by cococola and a piece of pie, which I strongly suspected came from the comedy prop room, I commenced examining the books on the table, while Mabel took her place at the 'phone.

I found such frivolous literature as Freud's "Interpretation of Dreams"; Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra"; George Moore's "Memoirs of My Dead Life"; Knut Hamsun's "The Growth of the Soil"; Maurice Level's "Tales of Mystery and Horror"; An-

dreye's "The Seven That Were Hanged" and other mirth-provokers.

"Have you read Dreiser's 'The Hand Of The Potter'?" queried Mabel from the telephone. Had I read Hunker's "Painted Veils," Stephen Leacock's latest, George Jean Nathan's "Book Without a Name," Hamsun's "Hunger"—???

"No, No, No, No, No,"—and each time I said it, she made an entry in a little notebook. Thus I discovered Mabel's diaries. She has a complete library of them.

"I got the habit from Frances Marion, the scenarioist," she said, "I make notes all the time—about everything."

Mabel is a chronic fan. She sees on the average of five pictures a week. She criticizes her own. She does the same with other star's pictures. When she gets an idea for a good bit of screen business, down it goes. When she hears of a new book of interest, another entry. Appointments, Birthdays, Impressions, Addresses, Telephonenumber s. Promises. All tumble into file. When she is reading a book she copies lines and phrases. At night she sets down rambling impressions, and plans for the morrow.

"I hate people who forget," said Mabel, "especially forget what they read."

I'd just perspiringly admitted that I couldn't remember anything further in Virgil's Aeneid than "Armo virumque cano."

"So I make notes of everything," continued the unforgetting Normand.

I took my life in my hands, and dared a question.

"How many boys do you hire to carry the notebooks for you?" I asked.

Mabel withered me with a glance.

"Fresh," she said.

I believe she was just a wee bit angry.

But she didn't stay that way long. She can't—ever. I abased myself for two minutes and then out came the Normand smile again.

I thought it a good time to leave—and did.

Two days after my interview I received a copy of Dreiser's "The Hand of the Potter," Maurice Level's "Tales of Mystery and Horror," Stephen Leacock's "Literary Lapses" and a portrait with the friendly autograph of Mabel Normand.

I take off my hat to The Girl Who Never Forgets!

Long may she keep diaries!





# Snapped Outside The Studio

The young gentleman in the picture answers to the euphonious cognomen of Mike. And what is he doing, pray? Why, what else but taking Helen Chadwick for a walk. Or mebbe it might not be amiss to say they're going "monkey-shining." Probably its in the anthropoidical (that means ape like) head of Mike to lead Helene out in some sylvan



"Mistress Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?"—only this young lady's name doesn't happen to be Mary. It's Priscilla Dean. But she's got a garden, as you can see, and if anybody should happen to ask you, take our word for it that it grows "plenty good." Notice that "How Dare You" expression on Priscilla's face. She's just spotted a horrid caterpillar or something on one of her pet blooms. The nerve of some insects!!!

The Mother instinct certainly is strong in the feminine breast, isn't it. Here's May McAvoy, for instance—and you can see what she's doing. May isn't out of her teens yet, and hasn't even thought about getting married—although they do say as how a lot of horrid men have tried to make her. But, married or not, May is just bound to have something to nurse. So she picks on a pig. "The little dear enjoys it" says me. If we were being fed by her we'd enjoy it too—even just plain milk.



glade, and gibber love talk to her. Which would tend to prove that Mike's desires are very human.



Up New England-way they'll probably think this picture must have been taken back in July, but it wasn't, 'cause, you see, it was snapped out on the coast, where sometimes, you can go swimming on Christmas day. The expression on the young lady's face is proof enough for us that the water isn't a bit cold. Said young lady by the way, is named Marvel Ray, and she works for Mack Sennett. Our camera man insisted on taking this photo just to prove that some of the Sennett bathing beauties really do go in the water—sometimes.

Ruthie had a little lamb—meaning Ruth Golden. And just like her friend in the nursery rhyme, everywhere that Ruthie goes, her lamb is sure to go too—because as you see it's got a rope around its neck. Of course it has a ribbon too but that's not for service. The rope, on the other hand, is tied with a slip-knot. One saucy bleat out of little Mr. Lamb, and a yank of the rope will make him wish he hadn't done it. However, all in all, Mr. Lamb, whose name by the way, is Eustace, fares pretty well. The man with the hat like a southern Congressman, feeding him so tenderly, is Harry Carey. Behind him, in a white hat is Director Reeves Eason, with camera man Roy Klafki leaning over Eason's shoulder.



# He "Stumped" The Director

**T**HERE are three epochal periods in the life of every Movie actor. The first comes when he signs

his first contract. The second comes when he sees his name blazoned out in electric lights. The third—and perhaps the greatest of 'em all, is when he puts something over on the Director.

The bigger the director, of course, the greater the thrill.

Frank Hayes isn't a star yet, but he's experienced the other two thrills. This picture shows him in the act of getting his latest one.

In the film colony, for a long time, they've known Frank as "the Man with the Rubber Face." Which means just what it says.

The other day Maurice

Tourneur got peeved at one of the stars in a picture he was directing.

"The trouble with you," said Tour-

neur, acidly, "is that you don't use your brains—that is, of course, granting that you have any.

Anybody with brains, who uses them, can do anything. Take" myself for instance. I don't wish to appear conceited but I believe I can do anything that anybody on this lot can do."

Frank Hayes, garbed as a waiter happened to be in the offing, and stepped up.

"Is that so? Is THAT so" quoth he. "All right then, boss; lemme see you do this."

Whereupon he proceeded to manipulate that rubber face.

Tourneur tried, and tried hard—but the camera-man says he did a bum job.

So does Frank, of the rubber face.

What do you think?



## You Never Can Tell



**W**E didn't believe it ourselves at first. You see, the photographs were brought in by a press agent. And when you've been in the movie game for a longer time than you care to admit and in the newspaper game a still longer time before that—you get so you just naturally don't believe anything a press agent says. Even when he produces proof, it wise to give it the acid test before saying "yes." No matter what his proposition is.

But this time the press agent was telling the truth. We verified it ourselves.

In other words, the nifty looking gent to the left of the page, and the not-so-good-looking hop-head to the right are one and the same man. They're both Lon Chaney.

The picture first referred to shows Lon as he is in every day life. Judging from that smile he evidently has just drawn his pay check—which we understand from the First National people, is big enough to make anybody smile.

The second picture shows him in a recent character role.

The answer, of course, is "make-up." But in this particular make-up" it took a whole lot more than grease paint. As you can see, Lon has changed his entire facial expression. From his frank and open faced self, he has metamorphosed into a leering slant-eye you wouldn't trust with a nickle unless he gave heavy bond.



We asked Lon how he did it.

"It's easy enough," quoth he. "Just feel that you actually are the character you're portraying."

Mebbe it is "easy enough," but we don't believe that we, personally, could do it. Also, in this particular instance, we don't believe we'd want to.

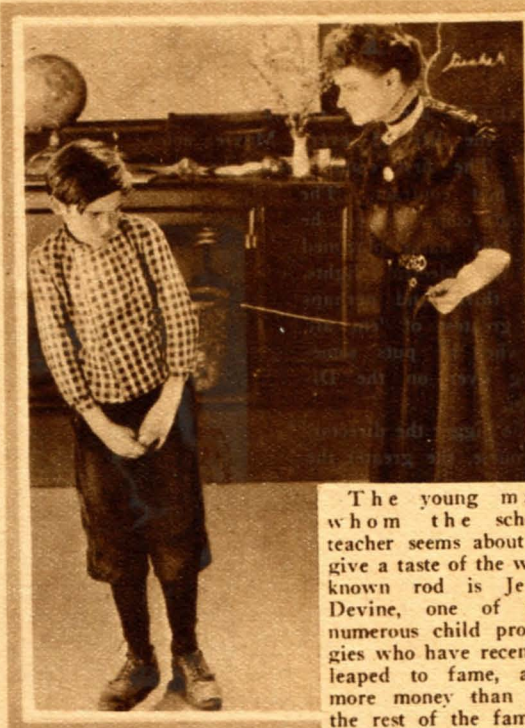


# Just Kids

Now, we ask you, how you'd like to have a child of yours standing right next to a great big fierce lion like tiny Miss Beulah Miggins the "Sunshine baby" is doing



There are all kinds of female impersonators, good, bad and indifferent. There aren't so many male impersonators, and nearly all of them are pretty bad. But Dolly Wilson—who incidentally, is the youngest male impersonator in the business, puts her stuff over, every time. Dolly is shown here getting a few instructions from Director Charles Giblyn, on how to play Cupid. Dolly doesn't look to us like she'd need much teaching.



The young man whom the school teacher seems about to give a taste of the well known rod is Jerry Devine, one of the numerous child prodigies who have recently leaped to fame, and more money than all the rest of the family made put together. In the picture the teacher has just confiscated a "bean shooter," and Jerry seems very much ashamed of himself. But they do say that in real life, his folks are forever taking "beanies" from him—and he never is one bit ashamed. In other words, Jerry's a regular boy.



on this page? Yet Beulah doesn't seem to mind it a bit—and for that matter, neither does the lion. Not only that, but just before this picture was snapped, Beulah wanted the lion to move over, and do you know how she made him do it? She just naturally hauled off and kicked him; that's how. And the lion just grunted—and moved. Of course the lion is kinda old, and supposed to be very gentle, but—



The little shaver with the torn stocking who is perched on the arm of the chair, just all tired out, is Robert Devilbliss, generally regarded as one of the cleverest child actors on the silver sheet. Probably you've seen him in "The Old Nest," recently released. He's also one of the chief "kid" supports of Will Rogers. Pantomime's camera man caught Bobbie just after he'd finished a set. His clothes, of course, are "prop stuff," which is to say, he's in costume. But he wasn't posing. He really was "all in."



To be perfectly frank, we don't know whether baby "Mickey" Moore, who is shown here saying his prayers so sweetly, does that little thing regularly or not. We do know that grown-ups usually don't—and kiddies get old (in experience) mighty quickly in the movie game. But be that as it may, it's a fact that baby Mickey hasn't yet passed the age where he likes to play with the stuffed dog and cat you see by the bedside. Mickey makes enough money to buy a whole flock of new toys every day, if he wanted them, but his mother says, he sticks to his old loves.



# Doubling for Gladys

**W**HEN Universal advertised for a girl who looks exactly like Gladys Walton, two hundred applicants stormed the gates of the film city, each perfectly confident that she was a "dead ringer" for the star.

Harry Harris, who was directing Miss Walton, needed a girl who could double for her in a small but important capacity. He definitely specified that the applicant must be an exact counterpart of the screen lassie.

Among the two hundred applicants were elderly ladies with synthetic complexions, girls in short dresses, several stout dowagers and scores of pretty show-girls who felt that they resembled the star.

Narrowing the competition down to fourteen, Harris made screen tests of each of the girls and finally selected Miss Billie McCarthy, who is second from the end, to the right.



## Making 'Em Work for Nothing

**N**O, this is not an idle studio joke, but a clever bit of psychology in obtaining the effect for a picture of an unpaid crowd.

While in San Francisco recently, Marshall Neilan in staging a scene from "Dinty," a new First National release, experimented with a crowd of onlookers in an effort to get over a certain effect, namely, a shot of some hundred people snickering at an object not shown on the screen.

This effect could never have been obtained by turning the camera directly on a crowd.

However, when the sign in the picture was pinned on cameraman Rosher's coat by Wesley Barry, apparently unknown to Rosher, the crowd began to nudge each other and giggle, forgetting that another camera was pointed right at them from another angle and getting a hundred feet of their services without costing the company a penny of salary.







## Kiss-Kiss



**K**ISSING in the movies has become an art, executed with every artifice the players know. In social life kissing is a matter of discretion; in the movies, a matter of direction. Pity the poor players who, like Babe Ruth, must literally "smack" their way to fame!

The leading man envies the villain, who isn't a participant in the kissing fest. The vampire is envious of the leading lady, who kisses much less than she. Many screen folk acquire an aversion for kissing from excessive practice—a bad case of satiation, you might call it. So let all movie aspirants beware if they enjoy the thrill of a kiss occasionally. (Note: This is not propaganda.)

When there are a couple of moons shining on the set, and the director calls for a "Strangler Lewis" or the "Last Clinch," the kissing duet sighs for joy, for it signifies finals. On the screen the fans interpret this sigh as one of mutual adoration, and the few hurried words before the finishing smack, as passionate tokens of love. Whereas, as a matter of fact, these are muttered exclusively for the director who is yelling at them to infuse in their performance a little more pep and emotion.

If kissing in the movies wasn't so artificial and devoid of emotion, just think of the calumny Scandal Mongers could peddle. Charles Ray with a wife of his own kissing somebody else's wife! Miriam Cooper with a husband of her own, exchanging lip salutations with somebody else's husband, etc.! Perhaps that is the reason there are fewer divorces among movie folk than the layman might expect.

Following are a few statistics that you can take or leave: If Norma Talmadge put a shaped piece of tissue paper over her mouth every time her scenario called for a kiss, within a year she would have enough paper to make her director a megaphone; also, if all the sound emanating from the osculation from one good romantic photodrama could be combined and reproduced on a phonograph it would reach a tone volume not even attainable by the late Caruso. The list of men she has kissed—for



films only—would read like a young movie telephone directory.

Among the accompanying photographs is one of Miriam Cooper, star of "Serenade" and "Kindred of The Dust," kissing her leading man, and he is evidently enjoying it, lucky dog. In other photographs, Pauline Starke, in "Wife Against Wife," seems undecided whether she enjoys Percy Langford's.

After "Serenade" has been shown throughout the country it is predicted that American lovers will woo their sweet young things after the manner of George Walsh in that First National picture. And that there will be an epidemic of Spanish kisses practiced in line of the ordinary American ones. The very sweet Spanish kisses are not confections.

Then we have Gloria Swanson and that sterling lover, Wallace Reid just getting ready to go into a love-clinch. Gloria, as you can see, has wrapped a scarf about Wallie's neck so he can't get away, and is pulling him into the kiss. But from the expression of young Mr. Reid's face, she isn't having to pull very hard.

Down at the bottom of the page, you'll find Wanda Hawley, caught right in the act, and she seems to be doing a mighty thorough job. On the other hand, Tom Meighan, in the center, seems to be doing it more as a matter of routine. Oh well, if you had to kiss as many women as Thomas, in the course of a day's work, you'd probably be a bit fed up on kisses, too. Or would you?

What we've often wondered about this whole kissing business, is whether or not the lip smackers ever get any real thrill out of it. Of course, they all vow and declare they do not. In fact, they say they're against it—and they point to the fact that neither party can ever be sure, before the kiss that the other hasn't been eating onions, or garlic, or something.

But, judging from the pictures on this page, they certainly do seem to like it. And personally, we'd like to trade jobs with any one of them.



# Big Moments in Pictures You Haven't Seen

Lon Chaney as Faralone, Leatrice Joy as Lillith and John Bowers, as Forrest in "Ace of Hearts" a new Goldwyn picture. The "social revolutionists" draw cards to see who shall dispose of their enemy, "the man who has lived too long."



Phoebe Hunt, as Marie La Monte, in "The Grim Comedian" discovers that Harvey Martin, her lover (Jack Holt), has made love to her daughter Dorothy and has planned to elope with her that night. Marie goes to Martin's apartment, ready to kill him, if necessary, to prevent the marriage.



In "Hail the Woman!" Madge Bellamy thankfully gives up the struggle for life when she finds the baby son who has brought her to disgrace is to be provided for.



Universal is now working on a real thriller, to be called "The Rage of Paris," which deals with vamps, and artist's models, and wild exotic love, and such like. This picture shows one of the big scenes of the new Universal star Miss Du Pont.

Hoot Gibson is shown here performing one of his stunts in "Action," a film which is described as thoroughly living up to its name. The film includes love, and intrigue, and fist fights galore, with the usual happy ending.



A tense scene from "Pilgrims of the Night" an Associated Producers' production taken from the novel "Passers By" from the pen of E. Phillips Oppenheim.

A new Vitagraph film, called "Steelheart" featuring William Duncan long a favorite on the "legitimate" boards, and Edith Johnson. The film is described as being another thriller, with all sorts of situations calling not only for all kinds of histrionic ability, but also all kinds of physical courage.



Thrusting aside his qualms of conscience, Hobart Bosworth, in his own production of "The Sea Lion," now being filmed, decides upon the course he will pursue toward an outcast girl on his ship.



There's nothing particularly tense about this scene, showing Larry Semon and Norma Nichols, but then, the film itself isn't tense, and isn't supposed to be. It's a new comedy, not yet completed, which will be called "The Bell Hop."

A glimpse of Dorothy Dalton and Conrad Nagel in their new Cecil A. De Mille production, "Fool's Paradise." Poll Patchouli, (Dorothy Dalton) is madly in love with Arthur Phelps, (Conrad Nagel) but Phelps cherishes the memory of another girl he met in France, while serving with the A. E. F. Phelps is suddenly stricken blind as a result of an old wound and Poll makes him think she is the other girl. He marries her, but later recovers his sight. The scene shows him discovering Poll's deception.



Alice Calhoun to be starred in "The Matrimonial Webb," is pictured here showing how easy it is to bluff a villain, when you're in the right. The villain in this case thinks Alice has him covered with a revolver. As a matter of fact, it's nothing but a pipe. But you know what the man said about conscience making cowards.



Here's the prison parting of Julian and Margaret, in "The Woman in the Case" from the play of the same name by Clyde Fitch. Betty Compson as Margaret.



# ALL OF 'EM STARS

**"D**O you girls inherit any histrionic ability from your parents?

That question has been put to the Talmadge sisters a thousand times.

Mr. Talmadge admits that when he was at Wesleyan University, nothing could induce him to enter college dramatics. Football attracted too much of his interest for that.

However, Mrs. Fred Talmadge, better known to her daughters as "Peg," confesses to having been a member of the

prised their dramatic school of animals. Every time I put my foot in that cellar, I went safeguarded with a candle, as there was no telling when a bulgy-eyed hop-toad, or a squirming salamander or a slimy turtle would suddenly dart out of some dark corner, and nonchalantly fasten itself in the hem of your dress.

"The girls had a funny hobby of collecting angle worms and Natalie, who was always the domestic and more practical mem-



*Above are the Talmadge girls as babies; below as they are today—left to right, Natalie, Connie and Norma*



old Amaranth Society of Brooklyn, of which Robert Hilliard, Edith Kingdon, Percy Williams, and many others now in the limelight were budding amateurs.

Mrs. Talmadge had seven words to speak in the Amaranth performance of "Turned Up," and because at the crucial moment she forgot to say them, after the first performance, she was "turned down."

Her next venture in the dramatic world was some ten or fifteen years later when her three very small daughters began giving performances in the cellar underneath their house in Brooklyn. There were many old trunks under the rafters, filled with odds and ends of clothing and knick knacks of by gone days, and the girls used these trunks as a happy hunting ground for "props" and costumes. Every day after school they would rush to the cellar, and so enthusiastic were they about their history lessons in tableaux form, that Mrs. Talmadge, believing with Pestolozzi in the educational value of play, did not scold the girls for cutting up her old evening dresses, nor complain of the noise of their dreadful orchestra—composed chiefly of bells, drums and frying pans, but entered into the spirit of things and helped the girls cut and sew their Greek togas and their Egyptian head dresses.

She even took a hand at painting the furniture, composed mostly of wooden boxes, and some old kitchen chairs, for the ball room sets, little dreaming at that time that some day these same girls would be spending hundreds of thousands of dollars a year on motion picture sets.

"There was just one thing I did draw the line at in those days," says Mrs. Talmadge smiling reminiscently, and throwing her head back with a gesture very suggestive of a very pretty trick of Norma's, "and that was those members of their cast which com-

ber of the family, wanted to turn the cellar into a hospital for wounded dolls and decrepit animals. They had bowls of gold fish, with tadpoles and eels and mud turtles living on the co-operative plan with the fish; half a dozen cats and dogs; a three-legged rabbit, and hundreds of those terrible worms of all shapes and sizes. Often when Norma couldn't get a new play done in time for Saturday, they would put on a three-ring circus instead, and all the animals would be brought into action.

"Constance was the envy of the other two girls, because she could hang from a trapeze by her toes, but Norma always showed the most marked ability when it came to acting. Every time she read a book she liked, she wanted to dramatize it. Also, she liked to make herself the leading lady, which didn't always make a hit with Constance and Natalie. But though they sometimes quarreled about the 'star,' there was never any argument about the manager. It was definitely understood that that little

In the same way that Mrs. Talmadge encouraged her daughters' childhood ambitions, and kept the guiding hand by being one of them, so, as they grew up she continued to take an active interest in all their individual interests. She didn't have hysterics when Norma announced she would like to go in pictures. Instead she took her by the hand and herself escorted Norma to the Vitagraph studio.

Later, as Norma prospered and rose from "bits" to "leads," it was Ma Talmadge who encouraged her daughter to study French, who went with her to all her singing lessons, and even now every Tuesday and Thursday night you may find Mrs. Talmadge, an audience of one at the studio, watching the progress of Norma's and Constance's Russian Ballet dancing. Not much chance for any of the Talmadge sisters to get into a rut while Peg is around.



# Receipts For Scenarios

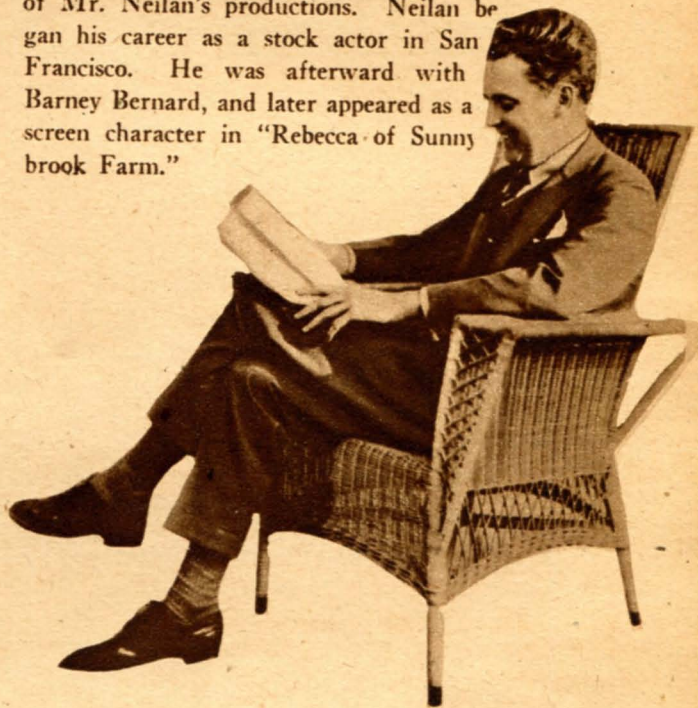
**"L**IKE a mince pie, the production now most in demand," Marshal Neilan, producer, declared, "is one which contains a pinch of the sex problem, another of psychology, a filling mixture of romance and tragedy and a sweetening of good old-fashioned love.

"I think you are going to see pictures with more abbreviated casts—some will contain only two characters of any particular prominence. They will be really two-character plays. The entire theme of the production will be built up around the pair.

"Motion picture productions are far more difficult in conception than the average fiction story. The magazine editor can give his audience in one issue half a dozen or a dozen stories to select from. The screen production, which may represent an outlay of months of time and hundreds of thousands of dollars, must in a sense prove a composite story; it must make a successful appeal to every type of mind and character."

Mr. Neilan is one of the youngest producers in the world. Among his most widely known successes are "The River's End," "Dinty," "Dady Long Legs," "Go and Get It," in which latter production the star character was Wesley (Freckles) Barry, who is now being featured in another

of Mr. Neilan's productions. Neilan began his career as a stock actor in San Francisco. He was afterward with Barney Bernard, and later appeared as a screen character in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."



\* \* \* \* \*

## WHAT'S ON THE WAY

*EDITOR'S NOTE—The following announcements deal with photo-plays not released on the screen at the time this issue of Pantomime goes to press. The very brief sketches of the action of the plays are gotten from the scenarios. The ultimate pictures may be either good, bad or indifferent. Pantomime can't say, because Pantomime doesn't know—yet. Neither does anybody else—not even the directors. The accompanying "thumbnail" sketches are of the stars of each production.*



The Son of Wallingford; a Vitagraph Super feature written and directed by Lillian and George Randolph Chester, and based on the series which ran so many months in one of the current magazines. Described by its producers as a "human film." Featured in the cast are Pricilla Bonner, Wilfrid North, Tom Gallery, Bobby Mack, and other screen notables.



The Lane That Has No Turning, a brand new picture, as yet only about half completed, based on the novel of the same name by Sir Gilbert Parker. The film, however, is said to digress from the book plot in several important instances. The picture, when completed, will be made the first starring vehicle of Agnes Ayres.



Where Men are Men.—Starring Edith Johnson, and William Duncan, who directed the action. A story of the west, with most of the action taking place in the Death Valley gold section of California, during the gold fever. Lots of melodrama, with scenic backgrounds said to be particularly beautiful.



The Infamous Miss Revell, a Metro picture soon to be released, starring Alice Lake, who has the double role of twin sisters. The story of two society girls, left in straitened circumstances, with four small brothers and sisters to rear. A tale of mistaken identities, and plots and counter plots involving an inheritance, all of which are finally righted by Cupid.



# They All Register Disgust

A STRANGE assortment of livestock imported from South America to furnish atmosphere for Edith Roberts, were talking it over after the day's "shooting" last week.

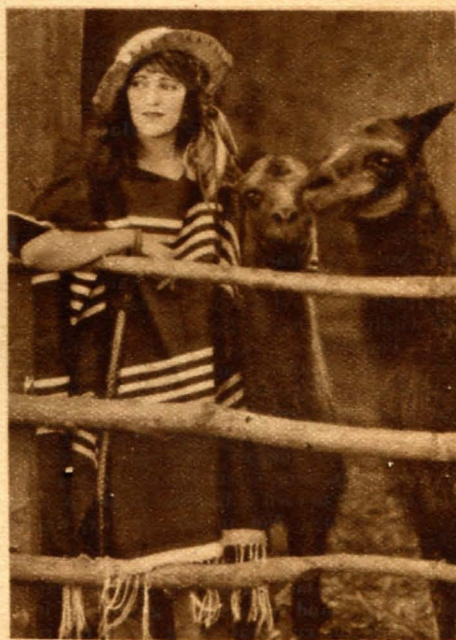
According to Joe Martin, the orang-outang, who always was an eaves-dropper, the conversation ran like this:

The Llama: "If it wasn't for Edith Roberts I believe I'd take Mrs. L and light out for Mexico where I can at least hear a little Spanish. Why in hell did they bring us up here, anyway? I promised a swell alpaca coat to the mayor of Callao and here I am wasting the best crop of wool I've had in years."

The Armadillo: "I'm as low in my mind as a hunch-back Hottentot. Here I am all alone in America with the only other Armadillo hanging up as a basket. Just because we armadillos have a fine coat of armour we are used for baskets when we pass out. Not very cheering to work with the ghost of an armadillo in every scene. I've got a good mind to burrow into the next box of films consigned to good old South America."

The Iguana: "This country gives me a sharp-shooting pain. Just because no one in these diggings can speak Spanish except Norman Dawn, the director, and Beatriz Dominguez, that pretty dancing girl, they call me a lizard. A lizard, as I understand the term is one who hangs around lounges and vamps. The other day when I was crawling around on Arthur Jasmine's sombrero I was tempted to bite him but it would have been too good an excuse for him to get a drink of whiskey. As soon as this picture is finished I'm going to get on a boat that goes through the canal to good old Chile."

The Bone-Crushing Vulture: "I realize that I'm not very popular with you folks but you'll have to admit I'm harmless until you are dead. This is a great country. Down home the vulture family is not half appreciated. Up here our cousins, the buzzards, are protected by law and another distant relative, the bald-headed eagle, is respectfully referred to by all Fourth of July orators. Personally, I like it here. If I didn't I'd just snap the chain on my leg like I'd snap the shin-bone of a goat, spread my six-foot wings, and be back in Peru in a week."





# Animal Stuff

By W. E. Mulligan

ON location Director Charles A. Taylor wanted a lizard climbing up a rock wall.

He picked a likely spot and then impaled a fly so that it would wiggle. Soon a lizard appeared on a rock and then made a dash at the fly. The cameras were waiting and got the "shot" perfectly.

In a studio scene for "The Half Breed" it was desired to have kittens to play on the head of a rug. The kittens fled to all corners when Taylor's assistants tried to put them on the rug. Then Taylor, in his quiet way, gathered up the kittens and sat down on the Bengal skin with them. He played with them a few minutes until they liked the place. Left alone, the kittens began a wonderful frolic, undisturbed as one by one the lights were turned on. Five minutes of perfect action followed.

"Now if you were a dumb animal, or even an insect, how would you act under the same circumstances? Try to get its 'viewpoint' as nearly as possible and let it work out its own 'business' and you will have just what you want, for animals are the greatest actors in the world. They always are natural."

This is the formula of the uncanny "Taylor luck" that Charles A. Taylor has in getting the desired results with animals before the camera. It is the same formula used by David M. Hartford, producer of outdoor stories in which wild creatures invariably play an important part.

In "The Half Breed," the Oliver Morosco production for Associated First National release, Taylor has used an astonishing array of animals, ranging from two playful white rabbits to 700 wildly stampeding cattle.

In "The Golden Snare," David Hartford's latest production, he uses savage malamutes and wolves. In "Back to God's Country" which he directed twenty-four wild animals were used, including bear, porcupines, mountain lions, deer, skunk, lynx, badger, foxes, coyotes, wolves and raccoons. In Hartford's "Nomads of the North" all of the above animals were used, together with silver fox cubs, baby mountain lions, Great Danes and Malamutes. Important parts were assigned to each individual or group, making them an integral part of the story. Not, in any instance, were animals "dragged in by the ears."

In "Nomads of the North" two of the important acts were enacted by a Great Dane puppy and a black bear cub. As the story unfolds the pup and cub actually grow with it. One scene shows the puppy and the cub bear going down the river over the falls. In the picturization of the incident only a half a minute is used, but

it required a half hour each day for nearly two weeks for Mr. Hartford to teach the little creatures how to do this particular stunt without drowning themselves, and it was accomplished in the following manner.

As in the story, the cub and bear were leashed together with a yard of thong. They were then placed in a tub half full of water and spilled out into another tub completely filled with water.

This was done a half a dozen times the first day and was repeated for several days thereafter. When it became apparent the tiny animals had accustomed themselves to spilling out of one tub of water into another they were taken to the scene of the real waterfall and one of the tubs was taken with them. The first several days they were put through the same work-out, excepting that the animals were placed in the real river slightly above the falls and were caught in the tub which was held a few feet below them when they dropped over the falls. This was accomplished by building a light framework of rafters across the river.

The really important part of this training was to accustom both animals to hold their breaths in their initial plunge below surface. When Mr. Hartford had satisfied himself that both puppy and cub had learned to do this, the distance of the drop over the falls was gradually increased until after a week or ten days the animals were making the entire descent directly into the seething rapids of the real river and emerging from the torrent without the slightest fright or ill effect. Before the expiration of the training period the tiny animals learned to make the leap over the falls without the least coaxing.

Trickery is one of the most effective methods for getting animals to do stunts in pictures, as was demonstrated recently when Anita Stewart's pet dog, a blooded English bull named King Casey, was drafted into screen service.

Edwin Carewe, the director however, had to enlist the aid of Rudolph W. B. Cameron, who is Miss Stewart's husband and the business manager of her company. Anita couldn't tell King Casey what to do without breaking up her own scenes.

Mr. Cameron wanted where Miss Stewart was her and rub his face rested at her side. by the simple dog find a piece in the

King Casey to enter a room sitting at a desk, approach against her hand which This was accomplished expedient of having the of candy in her hand rehearsals.

So, though they can be tricked and trained, they can't be forced. "The most natural actors in the world" is right.







**R**IGHT after the first actor and actress got divorced—and that probably happened when Methusaleh was still on mother's milk diet—somebody raised the question: "Can Stage marriages be happy?"

So far as we know, nobody has answered it successfully yet.

Of course it's been answered one way or another more times than the Volstead law has been violated. But it still remains for someone to find the dope that's "right."

And what applies to the speaking stage, also applies—at least it would seem—to the movies.

For instance, we never yet heard of an actor, or actorine, movie or talkie,

who upon marriage, didn't announce to all the world that he or she—or both—had at last found true happiness. Others might have had their troubles, but that's different. Not for them. No, Suh, Captain Boss. Always, every doggone time, they admit that they're going to live happily TOGETHER (get that, please) for ever, and ever, and ever.

And then what happens?

Well, let's see.

Let's take, as example number one, the case of "Jerry" (christened Geraldine Farrar) and Lou Tellegen.

To begin with, nobody ever expected either of them to marry any-



body; especially each other. Lou used to throw all his mash notes away and announce firmly and succinctly that he was wedded to his art. (Where, oh where, have we heard that phrase before?)

And as for Jerry? Well, not so very long before her wedding bells rang out so wildly, she delivered herself as follows:

"Men are like cakes in a bag. After you have begun to eat the cake with the green icing you think perhaps you would like the one with the pink icing better." You try that and a yearning for chocolate seizes you. You put that aside, for the cake in the bottom of the bag still allures.

# 'Till Death

By an Expe

"No, I shall never marry, because marriage means eating one cake all your life and keeping on eating it whether you like it or not."

Nevertheless they went and did it, these two. You must know what happened. Just a few weeks back Jerry put Lou out of the house, she says. Lou says he quit of his own accord, but whatever the facts, he's gone. And then Lou said she wouldn't even give him his clothes. And Jerry said she'd have a large mouthful to tell in court, etc., etc.

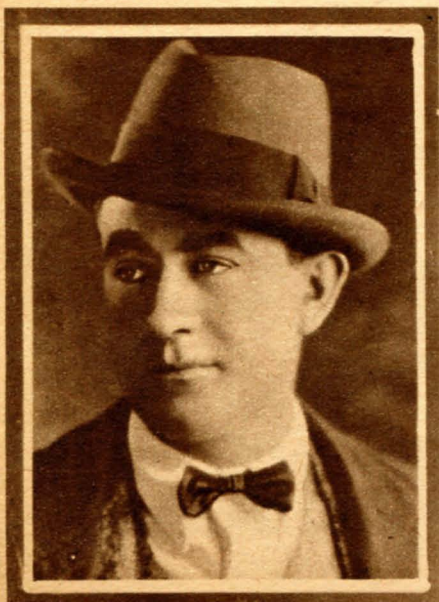
The answer, probably, is either too much temperament, or too much just plain temper.

Anyhow, they're through.

Then there's the case of "Our Mary" Pickford and Owen Moore. They call Mary the "sweetheart of the world," but the term is too embracing. Ask Owen.

Since the Judge told Mary she had a perfect right to change her mind about meaning it when she agreed to the "till death do us part" with Owen, she, as everybody in Europe, Asia, and all civilized Africa knows, has "went and done it all over again" with Mr. Douglas Fairbanks.

The new venture, thus far, has





# Do Us Part

## rienced Cynic

proved ideal. Maybe, after all, it's a question of experience—for Douglas has had his little taste of trying it out before, too.

A long, long time ago Doug stood up with a young society beauty—and made all the regulation vows, and slipped her a ring, and then escorted her off to a love nest, to an expected lifetime of bliss.

Later both discovered that, while it might be possible for each really to get bliss out of life, it was quite impossible for them to get it together.

Take, also, if you please, the case of "Charlie" Chaplin and Mildred Harris. She was a sweet young thing, just barely sixteen. History does not record whether or not she'd ever been kissed.

They were very, very, very happy—together—for almost one whole year. Now they're still happier—apart. At least, both say so. "Extravagance—and other things," says Charlie. "Temperamental—and, oh, so stingy," says Mildred.

Then there's the case of Pauline Frederick and Williard Mack. Both of them must have chuckled to themselves when they stood up side by each other, and made the W. K. "Till

Death Do Us Part" promise—because both of 'em had made the self-same promise before, with different partners. It didn't take with either the first time—and it didn't take the second time either.

At present writing, however, nobody can say just what the future of this pair will be. There have been wild rumors, of late, that Pauline intends giving Willard another chance—provided he'll promise to be a real good boy, and everything. To be sure Pauline won't admit it—but, on the other hand, Willard won't deny it. And it's an undisputed fact that when Pauline left New York not so many weeks ago, Willard saw her off at the



files suit for divorce. Not only that, but she gets it, too. Among other things, she charged desertion.

Now it's pretty hard to think of anybody deliberately deserting Pearl. Look at her picture and see if you don't agree. But she said so, and the court believed her.

Remember, "Till death do us part!"

Every one of these people swore this, in front of a minister, and witnesses, and everything.

All of them insisted they had at last found the clear spring of true happiness, and intended to idle on its banks and drink of its depths forever.

Probably they all honestly believed it, too—at the time.

And now look at 'em.



station, and they kissed each other good bye real sweet and pretty.

Which doesn't sound as if they hated each other very terribly, does it? But hating or loving, the marriage is absolutely off—at least for the time being.

And so it goes. Space forbids the mention of all the cases. Dear knows they are numerous enough almost to fill an entire issue of a magazine, of themselves. And it wouldn't be necessary to delve into the ranks to "fill out," either. There are plenty of notables.

For instance, there is the case of Pearl White, she of the episodic daredevil fame. Half the fans probably didn't know Pearl was married—until here, the other day, she ups and





# If They Ever Lost Their Jobs



Lois Wilson used to be a school teacher and says she hasn't forgotten how. We'd like to have a teacher as pretty as Lois.



Agnes Ayres, she of the perfect profile, would have to enlist the aid of a squad of policemen to keep beauty-crazed artists from forcing her to pose.



Mary Miles Minter could make a good living with her Stradivarius—in an orchestra easily, and maybe on the concert stage.



On top in centre—Milton Sills, formerly a college professor, could go back to his old job. In a girl's seminary he could bring that institution quite some business.



Wallace Reid, outside of being an expert automobile mechanic, can write stories, punch cows or survey.



Ethel Clayton, an expert on curios, could easily land a job as buyer for a dealer in antiques.

\* \* \*

Jack Holt is an expert horseman and wouldn't have any difficulty in riding for a circus



Can you imagine how the ladies would flock to a modiste's shop if Gloria Swanson was there to show them how pretty they would look in a certain kind of a dress?





# AS TO CENSORSHIP

By V. C. Olmsted

**C**ENSORSHIP, which is either just plain decency, or nasty-nice prudery, according to your own particular viewpoint, is finally with us—whether or not to stay, no man may foretell.

Censorship, of course, has always been with us to an extent, but of late it has become almost omnipresent. As a result, there has been a complete revamping of work in many of the studios.

The bathing beauties of most of the companies specializing in them, for instance, have become almost things of the past. Some of the fair young things who formerly didn't get much chance to do any acting because the directors kept them busy displaying more obvious charms, have graduated into honest-to-goodness actresses. Some of 'em have taken small parts in more serious productions; some have become leading ladies, and a few have become real stars.

A whole lot more have lost their jobs, and been forced out of the game altogether.

The bathing beauties aren't the only ones affected, though, by a long shot. Sex films, of which, a while back, we had almost a sickening superfluity, have either been toned down to Sunday school standards, or discontinued altogether. And pageant productions in which the main feature frequently consisted of scenes in which many flowing haired maidens disported clad in a smile, and a girdle—and perhaps a pair of sandals, have just about quit.

And so on, right down the line.

Looking at the censorship question without rancor, there's a whole lot to be said on both sides.

Those in favor of it declare film producers had reached a point

where art was abandoned for smut. Mothers and fathers both declared picture plays were getting so erotic they didn't want their children to see them. In fact, they said, they didn't particularly care about seeing such films themselves. Their objections were sweeping, too. They objected first, to the titles, 'as being too suggestive. Then they objected to the sub titles, for the same reason. And finally, they objected to the pictures themselves.

Children, they said, grew worldly wise, all too soon, at best, without having such knowledge forced before their very eyes, on the silver sheet.

All of which sounds logical enough.

But, let's hear the other side.

The first argument of the producer against the censor, is the old French adage "Honi Soit Qui Mali Pense"—which is to say, "Evil to him who evil thinks—or, more simply still, "to the pure, all things are pure."

Again, they argue, a film highly objectionable to a prude might, in reality, carry a powerful moral object lesson.

And finally they point to the fact that what some nasty-nice people object to as being sensual is, in reality, mere artistic realism.

Too much censorship, it is pointed out, leaves the film company no material to work with except such action as dramatizations of the Elsie

Dinsmore book—which probably wouldn't draw very big crowds.

So there you are.

To censor, or not to censor; which?

Candidly, we don't know.



*Here's a picture that created a veritable storm of criticism. Objection was made to the nudity of the woman, the abandonment of her pose, the expression on the faces of both man and woman, and the obvious sexual import of the entire scene. On the other hand it was defended as being not only realistic, but also strikingly artistic. What's your opinion?*



*A few months ago, this scene, laid in a dressmaking establishment, would have shown the young woman in deshabille or maybe even less. Now you'll note she wears a trick dress longer even than those you see every day on the street. Censorship did that*



*Here's another scene undoubtedly toned down as a result of censorship. Not so very long back the young woman with the gun—it's a comedy film, by the way—would have been portrayed in her nightgown at least, or, perhaps, in just her teddy bears.*



# No Kin—But They Look Like Twins

**T**IMOTHY Callaghan lived a peaceful life in the small town of Riverside, Cal., until the day he saw Wesley Barry on the screen.

From that moment Timothy's state of mind was anything but peaceful, for Wesley, who looked as much like him as a twin, was a movie star, and if Wesley could be a movie star, why not Timothy?

Finally Tim decided to hie him to Los Angeles and get Wesley to fix it all up for him and without further ado, carried out his decision.

Arriving at the Marshall Neilan studio one morning, where Wesley was working in a new First National picture, Tim was greeted by the doorman with amazement for ye doorkeeper had just seen Wesley enter in his cow-boy outfit and here he was again, scarcely thirty seconds later, dressed up in his street clothes.

Timothy passed the gentleman who was rubbing his eyes without a word. Other players and studio men wondered what had suddenly struck the young man who passed them

all without the usual salutation.

Then Wesley made his appearance, looked at Timothy and said: "Gee, are you a twin brother or something?"

Timothy soon made known the cause of his visit, and as

two were fixing things, Marshall Neilan arrived, gazed at the two youngsters and exclaimed: "My goodness, I wonder if that home brew is still working."

Here they are, Wesley and Timothy. Which is which? They are

both sons of Southern California, have the same color hair, the same sized ears, nose and mouth and the same boy-devil spirits. They both like pie, and they both have, or pretend to have, a contempt for girls, and an undying hatred for policemen. They even have the same number of freckles. If you don't believe it, count 'em.

"I got enough freckles to be a movie star," protested Timothy, when father hauled him home.

But it seems his Ma and Pa intend him to be an electrical engineer, so what good are his freckles?



## How I Select Stories

By David Wark Griffith

**W**E are living in an age when *Ideas* have taken the place of mechanical skill—that is, in the motion picture world. We are at a stage now when the *idea*, the *theme*, the *basic thought* or *subject*, is the one element to be considered in selecting a story for screen presentation.

*The greatest story ever conceived can be told on one page of typewriting.*

The greatest story of all time—the story of Christ's crucifixion, death, burial and resurrection—was told in five hundred words.

What does count is the *IDEA*. And the idea can be explained briefly.

Take for example the story of "Way Down East." The scenario for this production occupied several hundred pages of manuscript. The taking of the scenes required more than 230,000 feet of film.

But the actual story of Anna Moore *could have been told in less than three hundred words.*

My sincere advice to writers for the motion picture—and I wish to give them every encouragement at all times—is to first conceive your *IDEA*, and then submit it in as few words as possible, here and there calling attention to the dramatic possibilities and the human situations, their natural situations, that can be evolved.

For, after all, "The play's the thing."





# Pick Out The Star

**H**ERE'S a picture taken three years ago, from a film called "The Day She Paid." The six beauties gathered about the central figure were all extras at that time.

Most of them are still in the game. All have risen in the world. A couple of them frequently play "leads." But one of 'em has outstripped all the rest, even including the girl in the center. For the one time extra girl referred to is now a full fledged star.

You haven't seen her in a stellar role as yet—because she's just been promoted, and is now working on her first starring vehicle. But pretty soon you'll see her name blazing out in electric lights over the door of your favorite theatre. And they do say she's pretty good.

Now lets see if you can pick out which one of this group is she.

And just to make it interesting, Pantomime will pay \$1 each to the first ten identifying her.

Address your letter to the Editor, suite 914 World building, New York, and write, briefly, the reasons for your guess.



Now let's see how well you know your movie folk. Grab the fountain pen, and let's hear from you.

## Buster and his Mash Notes

**Y**OU know, of course, that Buster Keaton—he of the dour visage who makes you laugh because he's so gosh-hanged solemn looking (they call him the man who never smiles)—is married to one of the Talmadge

girls, and consequently hasn't any legitimate excuse for wanting to get mash notes. But he does.

And the tough part of it is, that while the girls in the audience all admit Buster is "perfectly splendid," they don't

sit down and pour out their souls to him on paper. As a matter of fact, all last week, Buster's mail consisted of one solitary letter—and that was from a man asking him if he had indigestion. The picture to the left shows Buster reading that letter.

Now it so happens that news of the letter got out, in the studio, and they began to kid the sad-faced comedian.

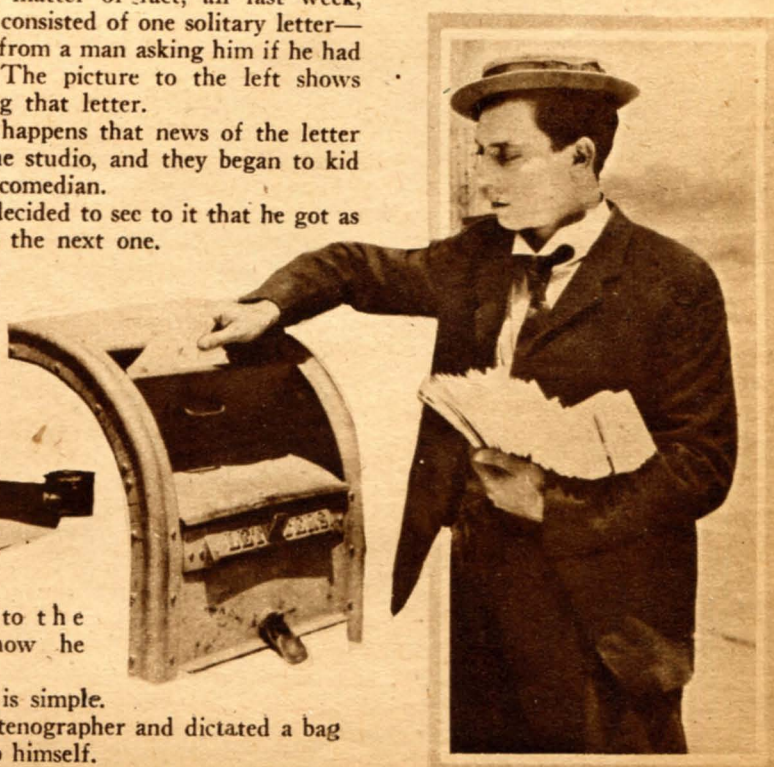
So Buster decided to see to it that he got as much mail as the next one.



The picture to the right shows how he did it.

The answer is simple.

He hired a stenographer and dictated a bag full of letter to himself.





Published weekly by Movie Topics, Inc.  
Suite 914 World Building, New York City.  
President, Murray Lazarus; Secretary and  
Treasurer, Victor C. Olmsted.

OCTOBER 12, 1921

"Pantomime" application entry for second  
class mail matter under the act of March  
3, 1879.—By subscription, \$5.00 the year.  
Canada, \$6.00 the year, single copies 15c.

## Fandom Notes

Seena Owen, who plays the leading part in "Sisters," the screen version of Kathleen Norris' story, had five tickets for the New York Police Field Day just because she likes an Irish brogue. A New York traffic policeman stopped her in her automobile and asked her to buy a ticket. She found his brogue so rich she bought one and then another and another to keep him talking. When she had accumulated five she drove on.

\* \* \*

Walter Hiers, the screen comedian, having made a very pleasant tour through the Southern states, is now considering a "personal appearance" trip through the Northwest.

\* \* \*

### A STITCH IN TIME.

Gosh!—the things they make these stars do!

Now it's Constance Binney, who has spent ten days at a large Los Angeles factory making overalls.

They do say that during the period the fair Constance became very adept in the art and before the ten days had expired could wield a very wicked sewing machine.

It's all part of a screen story.

\* \* \*

Wanda Hawley, unguardedly referred a short time ago to the approach of another birthday. As a result her company pulled a surprise luncheon on the fatal day, the piece de resistance being a cake with sixteen candles—and a question mark! Wanda is still gunning for the bright individual who thought of the latter decoration.

\* \* \*

When Harvey Thew arrived on the coast to write photo-plays he ran into an old friend in the person of Hector Turnbull who has just completed the writing of three original stories for May McAvoy. Turnbull was dramatic editor of the New York Tribune when Thew was a star reporter on the Herald. They used to foregather at "Dutch Annie's," a famous journalistic eating place, for the midnight coffee and doughnuts which are traditional with hard-working scribes.

\* \* \*

Constance Binney spent her first day in Los Angeles in having tests made. This, owing to the different condition of light and atmosphere, is the common lot of every star, no matter how experienced, who comes from New York.

## SHADES OF NOAH!

Bebe Daniels had two consecutive, full days' work in her latest picture directed by Chester Franklin, on which she was the only player called and, of course, the only one who worked, which she did until after six p. m. each day.

To be exact, she did have some co-workers: one white wooly dog, one sleek dog with her family, a tortoise-shell cat and four kittens not her own, a hen with a brood of little chicks—and a spinster goat!

You're right; the setting is the rural home of an Irish family!

\* \* \*

President Harding is such an enthusiastic motion picture fan that even while he is at sea he has pictures for his entertainment. On his recent trip from New York to Washington, aboard the Mayflower, he saw William S. Hart in "Three Word Brand;" Thomas Meighan in "Cappy Ricks," and Elsie Ferguson in "Footlights."

## Questions and Answers

Cape May:—Barbara Castleton made her initial appearance on the screen in 1916. Previous to this time, she had won no little popularity on the stage. One of her well-known stage successes was "It Pays to Advertise."

\* \* \*

G. G.:—Cullen Landis has brown hair and blue eyes. He is married and has one daughter. He played the lead in "The Girl From Outside." He plays opposite Pauline Stark.

\* \* \*

Mrs. F. D. W.:—Sarah Bernhardt scored a great success in the drama "Theodora," a much talked of Italian picture which is said to have taken two years to produce. You are quite correct, it is a tale of Constantinople in the fifth century.

\* \* \*

Merrie:—June Elvidge is married to Captain Frank Badgley. Yes, I have heard that Pauline Bush is coming back to the screen. Abbie:—James Kirkwood is married to Gertrude Robinson.

\* \* \*

Farmerette:—It has been a long time since I heard from you. I suppose the call of the screen has made its appeal, in spite of the waving alfalfa (that's a fancy name for hay, isn't it?) and singing birds and crickets and all. Instead of forgetting all about the movie world you want to know who plays the sisters in "The Two Orphans." Of course, Lillian and Dorothy Gish. What could be sweeter. Oh yes, Tony has wonderful eyes. It was Dorothy Dalton who played the leading role in both "The Flame of the Yukon" and in the "Idol of the North." Ben Turpin is 53, married, and must be all right, even if he does look crooked.



# The Story of Alice Joyce

## The Girl on the Other Side of this Cover

OUT in Kansas City, Missouri, some twenty-five or six odd years ago, there happened quite a notable event,—although nobody except those immediately interested paid much attention to it at the time.

The event was this—Mr. and Mrs. Joyce gave birth to a baby daughter, whom they straightway named Alice.

As little girls have a habit of doing, Alice grew up. It was remarked that she was unusually pretty, and winsome—but that was about all there was to it.

When Alice was about seven, Mama and Papa Joyce moved up into Virginia, and in due course of time Alice was sent to a girl's boarding school at Annandale.

Truthfulness compels the admission that she did not set the school of fire as a scholar. Books didn't interest her a whole lot. That is, school books didn't. They do say she was a perfect fiend on novels, especially the kind that were real romantic.

And while she didn't set the school on fire as a scholar, she did set the town of Anandale on fire—at least the younger male portion of it—as a beauty. So much that when she finally graduated, she set out for New York to carve fame and fortune on the stage.

But it was tough carving. Managers looked at Alice admiringly, but they didn't offer her any jobs to speak of. So little Miss Southerner began casting about for some line in which the eating was more regular.

She found it in the art colony. She began posing as a model—and she was such a good one that pretty soon she had more engagements than she could fill.

Gradually her beauty began to attract general attention, and pretty soon the Kalem people, then in their hey-day of popularity, made her an offer to appear on the silver sheet.

Alice took the job, and made her debut in a two-reel western film. She registered an almost instant hit and it wasn't long before she was

known to fans all over the country as "The Kalem Girl."

That was in the days before they advertised stars by name, but exploited them instead as "The Biograph Girl," "The Vitagraph Girl," etc., etc.

But you can't keep a good man down—and in the same way you can't keep a good girl down, either. It was written on the cards that Alice should become a star in her own name,—and she's done it.

Some of the productions which helped endear her to the fans were "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Third Degree," "The Vengeance of Durand," "The Sporting Duchess," etc., etc. All these, you'll note, were screen adaptations either of successful "talkie" plays, or the works of noted writers of best sellers.

More recent productions in which Alice starred are "Her Lord and Master," "The Searab Ring" and "The Inner Chamber."

You'd never in the world take Alice for a movie actress, or being even remotely connected with either stage or screen, if you met her casually in private life. She's so quiet, almost sphinx-like. She's very reserved. Yet she's not distant. Also underneath that demure quietude, lies an almost impish sense of humor.

And the little girl who didn't like to study, back in Virginia, is dead and gone forever. The present day Alice is one of the most studious, conscientious workers on the screen. Should you drop in on her while she's working on a production, if she isn't actually before the camera, you'll find her, nine times out of ten, off in some corner of a set, studying her script; her whole mind concentrated on the business to be enacted.

But you won't find her doing any of that these days.

Oh no, Alice hasn't lost her job or anything like that.

She's just taking a long vacation.

And she's surely entitled to it.

It's the first she's had in five years.



# Pantomime



*Alice Joyce*